

Shelley

Steward

2000–2002

Ecologies

I come, at this time, to

**ask of you a question,
which is this: "Why are
there no green cows?"**

**"Well madame," you
matter of factly reply,
"when the color green
occurs in nature, this is
known to indicate the**

**presence of chlorophyll in
an organisms cells.” You
then make one of your
leaps of reasoning: “Cows
have no chlorophyll, hence,
no green.”**

**Satisfied with this for a
moment, I appear to think
to myself, and then lightly**

challenge you: "Yeah?

**Well, then, how do emeralds
express that color? Do
they then possess
chlorophyll as well?"**

**"I don't think so, but I
don't know for sure why,"
you say.**

**You tentatively get up
and go to the bookcase and
retrieve your ancient Oxford
Dictionary, and proceed to**

search it's pages for the entry 'emerald.' While you are doing this, I remind you from my side of the room that, "Only living organisms could possess chlorophyll, anyway, now that I think of it..."

When you have found the dictionary entry, you see that it makes no

mention whatsoever of why emeralds are in fact green, and you tell me so. You also note out loud that a full-color illustration of an embryo shares the same page as the emerald entry.

You then start to wonder aloud about 'vegans,' and before I can say anything you announce, deep in thought, that

“...perhaps the collective legacy of any subculture is one of youth, and even of newness...”

And so, of course, I stop you right there, and, without any great pleasure, correct you in this silly, and highly tenuous intellectual connection.

“Perhaps you need to go off by yourself

**somewhere,” I say, “and
test the solidity of that
reasoning.”**

**Sweeping
generalizations, I know, are
almost always incorrect on
at least one level.**

**“By such a display of
ignorance,” I add, “you
begin to stress my
tolerance levels.”**

**Apparently satisfied
with my feistyness, you
lean back in your chair and
lace your fingers together
behind your head, looking
pleased with me, or
yourself, or something...**

**But before I can do
anything, you begin to
proclaim along these lines:
"Y'know, I was thinking..."**

Not wanting to hear

where this might be going, I quickly stand up from my chair, and start a kind of a stretching technique I do, which produces a certain sub-auric radiance. (When done properly, this can immediately silence the weak mind.)

Then, at just the strategic moment, I cut you off: "I wonder what's

**going on upstairs?" I
bluntly ask. "What ever
could they be doing, with all
that knocking and
scraping?" referring to the
neighbors.**

**Your own eager
defensiveness and
paranoind reasoning then
kicks in. "What do you**

mean *upstairs?*"

While I look at you
silently, I watch a certain
understanding form, and
then realization.

"I know *someone*
who's had a little too much
caffeine tonight," I offer.

**You smile briefly, and then
ask, bringing some gray
matter to bear on me,
“Pray tell me why you use
the pronoun *someone* in
that way? You wouldn’t be
trying to conjure childish, or
juvenile image attachments**

**to lead me to feel small,
now would you?"**

**"Oh, no," I emphatically
reply, pretending an
assumed innocence, and
thinking back to what I had
in fact said.**

"Though I may have

sounded like your mother, I
was actually trying merely
to evoke my *ancient sage*
persona, for your benefit.

If that caused you to feel
like a juvenile, then how can
you expect me to just
apologize, since that's one

**of my favorite masks to
wear, anyway?"**

**You then become aware
of what had been gained by
this particular bit of
reasoning, and I watch you
slip easily into your
pragmatic mode, which
pleases me, as this should
prolong your vitality here,**

**and I am secretly enjoying
your company, anyway.**

***Sometimes, the
process of finding a
solution to a present
dillema begins with***

recognizing that, most likely, you are not currently aware of some particular option which is, in fact, your solution.

Since the gods themselves do particular homage to the philosophy of evolution, in which any change or resolution to a

***situation must take place
within the context of 'time,'
one can't expect to be
presented with your
solution factors until 'the
time is right.'***

**As one approaches any
struggle, this 'time' variable
should be somewhere in
one's field of vision, and**

**with it the hope that a
solution may arise,
eventually.**

**“Pass the mustard,
you,” I ask, during dinner.
You appear to have not**

heard at all, for you
continue your meditative
chewing. So I repeat this,
rather loudly, *"Please...
pass the mustard, will
you?"*

I then conclude from
your slow, self conscious

**reaction that you in fact
had heard me very well, but
just thought it within
yourself that I should be
able to read your mind,
sense your GREAT
THOUGHTS, and just
relegate myself to the lowly**

**tribe of the 'Un-Answered
Ones,' Snodgrat on that!**

**"What is *your*
problem?" I ask in mock
politeness, as I reach
across the table myself.**

**"I'm trying to
comprehend something**

here," you say.

"Co-incidentally, so am I," I say.

**"Listen," you say,
"don't you think that
compassion itself has really
got to be the most divine of
the human emotions?"**

**Irritated, but not
wanting to appear that way,
I reply, with a subdued
enthusiasm, "I'd buy that."**

You launch: “We are all but ants, compared to the intelligences of the vast Universe.”

‘This should be good,’ I think to myself, bracing for an alien fly-by.

“How in the world can anyone at all consciously bring woe onto the head of another... ever... at all... without just sensing the

**eyes of the whole galaxy
upon them, and feeling
rather small?" You
describe your wonder for
me.**

**I, meanwhile, am
thinking to myself that the
eyes of the vast Universe
are themselves woe, if they
are anything.**

**You then continue,
much to my distress,
"Compassion is the only
stance that, for me,
anyway, is actually capable
of manifesting sacred
thoughts and attitudes... the
clairity, the lucidity, which**

**may be a vehicle for divine
intelligence.” (Here
chewing your food in
horse-like fashion) “Not
fighting, nor fleeing... but
somehow acting from a
more enlightened place,
somewhere... ” (chewing)**

(chewing some more)

**Here you pause, and
put your finger into the air
like Socrates, "If ever a
man or woman has to make
a choice between the active,
or the passive path... and
if he chooses action... then
he sure better all the while
be afloat in a sea of
tranquility and compassion...**

**” (chewing) ”...for it to
be valid in a Universal
sense.”**

**As soon as the phrase
'Universal sense' pops up, I
simply take the fire escape,
so as not to have to
endure. I fold up my
napkin, and with one hand,
deftly pick up my tea glass,
and my utensils, all while**

rising quickly out of my chair. I then move directly to the sink, noisily chunk my utensils in there, and turn the hot water on full force.

You are still saying things, I think, but I'm looking into my own inner realm, trying to find a glimpse of an acceptable

**reality, for my own peace
of mind. These things I do.**

***Lore: To befriend
empty space is to be an
astral traveller.***

▪

Maybe there is but one

*space which can truly be
seen, and named, and that
is the Universe itself, and
it's vital spirit... infinite
time.*

*The two are one, and
give birth to one another.*

But, I keep thinking...

*'Isn't the Universe, and all
time riven through and
through with empty space?
If a person could befriend
perfect empty space,
couldn't he or she travel
freely between the seen
and the unseen realms?'*

**Now, what I have come
to perceive throughout all
of this is that you *are*
something of a quirky soul,
yet one who is capable of
sharp, comprehensive**

**reasoning. This has been
borne out many times,
before my eyes. And what
do I like about you?
Perhaps it's just the
primacy of your original
mind, and how you bear it
with as much grace as you**

**can. Sometimes you say
things that I've never heard
put in such a way. I like
that a lot.**

**But I don't dare let you
in on this. I'll keep you
here, in my world, and
savour your aura for a**

**while. You seem to grow
on a person. Or, on me, at
least.**

**I notice in the corner of
my perceptions that you
have just grown quiet,
somewhere in the other
room. I know, here, that
you are probably just in
there thinking some**

shameful thought, or doing something sick, like picking your nose.

Moving from where I was standing, by the light from the window, and setting my book down open to the page I was looking at, I stealthily move to the entrance of the kitchen, and peer in. Your coffee cup

and lap-top computer rest on the table amongst a shuffle of papers, and the chair has been pushed back some distance.

I see that you must be outside, and so I move to the screen door and step through, half expecting to find you out there, paranoid, and peering thru the slats in the fence at the

neighbors.

**But no, you're
crouched down on the
porch, scooping out some
grated cheese from a
plastic bag with your
fingers and feeding it to the
stray kitten from the
neighborhood.**

**"What'cha doin', you?"
I proffer. "Found yourself**

a buddy there?"

**I move down the steps
and stand beside the porch,
reach there and stroke
kitten warmly, who seems
to quiver all over at my
touch. She is perfect, and
adored.**

**"I was thinking," I say,
to begin something that I
had recently thought of,**

"Are you aware that some of the most vibrant and colorful animals on Earth live at the bottom of the sea, where no one can see them anyway?"

"Yeah, I've thought something like that before," you answer, in a kind of drawl, while brushing a bit of cheese from the corner of kitty's mouth.

**"Pretty wonderful for
scuba divers, don't you
think?"**

**"Is that Nature's gift
to man, or the fishes gift to
one another?" You wonder
out loud, as you reach
behind kittens ear to
scratch.**

**"Well, I wonder. Since
there's such very little light**

**down there..." I say,
offering a point I had
thought of earlier, "...would
they even know *how* they
look to one another?"**

**You are silent for a
moment, then postulate,
"Maybe, it's Nature's big**

un-read genetic
storybook.”

I think, then posture my
voice, like a summary of an
episode of ‘Nature’ in a
T.V. Guide: *“Submersible
with halogen headlights
illuminates under-water*

*fantasy-land. Cameras
capture wonderful visions,
to reveal Mother Nature's
hidden spectacle."*

**"Easily... easily. I've
seen it all myself."**

**"So, isn't the presence
of all of that beauty down**

there more or less proof of
a much deeper intelligence,
and perhaps..." Here, I
venture out a bit, "...that it
was all created for us to
perceive, when we had
advanced far enough to get
down there?" I theorize.

**“Yes, but wouldn’t that
be the ego-centric
viewpoint?” you counter.**

**“Wouldn’t a profound
thinker more rightly assert
that there must be a still
deeper reason for species
coloration than to amaze**

the perceptions of Man?"

"I have to lean your way on that point." I quickly contend, now perceiving your vision.

You caution me, "Well, it's just that... to make one's worldview overly ego-centric... well... I guess a philosophy like that would probably lead us to think

along the lines of 'all of creation, even the fish of the deep, are somehow for the benefit of humans.'"

Thinking, here, I quickly respond, "Wouldn't that reasoning also lead outward, to a clouded perception of the Universe, as well as any other dimensions that might be found, until something, or

**somebody proves
otherwise?"**

**Proving your mind has
some reach, now, you make
the point, "Surely, such a
philosophy might have
served a good purpose
during mankind's primal
struggles against the
elements, and to advance
into civilization, but now...
now that we're apparently**

**winning the race, here on
Earth..."**

**"With the information
age..." I add,**

**"....now verging on the
infinite..."**

**"...we as a species may
be on the verge of
perceiving our place in the
infinite cosmos. Will we
find that all our separate
philosophies have so far**

been more like curious developmental mantras, meant, perhaps, to help us comprehend that which lies beyond, and how it relates to us?"

This is the accurate joy of a harmonious relationship. The two of you can flex your minds together, much like working

out in a gym. It makes life lively.

Kitten is full, and you and I go back into the house, chattily. You go to the refrigerator for some ice and water, while I go to the front of the house, and start thinking about the afternoon ahead.

*Perhaps, due in part to
the turning of the century,
of the millenium, here in the
West, and the vast
flowering of technology...
the full fledged information
superhighway connecting*

*the world... then perhaps
that is why I think these
thoughts.*

*...And, knowing how
the 'shining of light into the
shadows' is of the
essence... then this idea
must live on: that the
world of ideas, playing
amongst the masses,*

***amongst the nations, is
absolutely nessasary for
the integrity of the global
society.***

***And when a world can
exist where every act done
in the shadows is brought
into the global light, then
peace and justice should
reign on high. There, the
crazy extremes of conflict,***

of injustice, and cruelty, all shameful acts, should be few and far between.

Then, the human cults of masculine ego and overblown national pride, which form the swirling dervishes on the naked face of race relations the world over, should merely bow with a feminine grace

to the over-arching peer pressures of the world planet, Earth itself, and all humanity.

And what is more, when the intellects and awarenences of the whole cosmos, the 'green side,' do fully exert into this material realm, here on Earth, this station, then

***surely we all may find the
equilivelant of 'God' here
amongst us, which may
lead us all into a better
world of a more complete
and complex nature, and to
a more profound
nurturement of mankind.***

It's late, now, and I can

**see you from where I sit,
through the wide crack in
the door.**

**This, and the incidental
sounds that float between
the two rooms, form the
threads of meaning which
we've allowed this night.**

**It's been so relaxing
here, in my chair, listening
to some of your tapes.**

Since about eight this evening, I've more than once thought to myself that this has been a particularly pleasant evening. I genuinely hope that your experience of the time has been so sweet.

You seem to be watching me with large eyes indeed, and I feel,

**now, like I am wide open to
your perceptions. At
another time, another place,
I would rise to action, so to
speak, and lead you from
where you sit into one of
my ponderous, tangible
worlds, but for now, I am
content to sit in your
company, reveling in the
many moods that I am
feeling from your spirit, and**

**from within myself right
now.**

***Within the within, in a
timeless dimension of
spectacular proportions....
Accending, expanding
boundlessly, simply dwelling***

***on the leading edge of the
cascading envelope of
moments...***

***Worlds within worlds,
reshaping, redefining one
another, within a morphing,
evolving universe...***

***Fractels blossoming
easily within one another,
guided always by the
steady hands of the great***

'time.'

But then, later, in the morning, when inner vision is away from you, quietly replenishing itself on the new, the vast cosmos will lie beyond your grasp, and your tasks will be of the ordinary.

Yet, within that

*ordinary livelyhood, perhaps
variables will coalesce... and
fractal planes will mesh,
blossoming, just outside
your awareness... and
infinitely wonderful
realities may come into
existence...
and your spirit will be
enlivened...
and you will feel young
again.*

Natural Wisdom

**What is time? What is the
Universe? Are there any
'absolute truths?'**

**Perhaps the only truth is
the Universe itself, and its**

**flow. For, such can be
seen with the eyes, and
understood over time.**

**What is wisdom? Wisdom
comes thru fearless living,
learning lessons only over
time. Where do we go
when we die?**

**Surely it could be said that
our sacred awarenesses will
once again become fully
cognizant of the ethereal**

realm.

When one has touched upon all of the basic truths of the unseen aspects, as they can be understood, what then remains for him or her to do?

Perhaps then it could be said that one should begin elaborating on that which has already been said.

Maybe this will allow for

**much expansion and
redefinition of that which
has already been said, that
which has been forgotten.**

~

***The trees of the forest are
many. Amongst their
branches is life, nature.***

***We might build a fire in this
clearing,***

*and gently absorb the
breezes, the shadows.
With your soul glowing
lightly, in the coolness of
the night, shadows seem to
recede. From the distance,
animal sounds, the creaking
of the trees, which have
been talking.*

*We needn't say much, for
much to be communicated.
Our eyes are revealing*

*secrets of unseen things, in
the whispers of the
unknown. Lovers touch
one anothers souls,
explaining things, ideas
which will linger forever.
Images, meanings,
emotions... Each night is
unique, to the child within.
One needn't seek, to find.
You and I are near one
another, there are no*

secrets.

~

**The trails which lead one
amongst the trees are
many. They are made by
animals, forest spirits.
Seeing the gentlest of
animals, keenly sensing
their inner meanings, and
spirit. Within oneness, it
can be learned to treat**

**them not only with respect,
and consideration, but with
a real sense of their depth,
and magic power.**

Such is truly life-changing.

**Having a sense of
stewardship and comraderie
with the quiet people
carries a great expansion of
ones own self.**

**That which has a spirit is
alive. Trees, rocks,**

**animals... the rain... a valley,
a mountain... these things
all speak and watch.**

**Finding out the effects man
has upon nature, and the
answers and replies... these
things take time. Being
stewards of nature, do men
think before they act?**

**Quietly traveling, without
impacting that which we
depend upon, these ways**

**produce longevity, and
respect. From the rocky
outcropping, the dreams of
those far below are
invisible. Seeing the moon,
while not seeking to
conquer or transform it.
Knowing how trees speak,
seeing the eagle who rests
there.**

**We sit by the low fire,
listening, watching, as its**

embers rise into the evening breeze.

Warmth has been radiated this night, not only from the hearth, and heavens, but from you and I as well.

Our emotions are attuned with the sounds of the night.

With open, fresh faces, we yet grow drowsy. We have scouted for timbers,

branches and rocks. The
kettle sighs softly,
tomorrow mornings kindling
waits under the big fir tree.
Our shelter, fabricated from
that which we have found,
and brought, is softly
swaddled with blankets.
Would the night reveal more
secrets, we would await
them with another cup of
coffee. A forest ghost

passes nearby, unseen.

**Wolves and owls relay their
messages into the nights
mystery, within which they
feel at home.**

Ancestral voices speaking:

**"Are you listening? (I know
you are), Come join me, so
that we may soothe one
another with love, and
chase the loneliness of this
place away from us. Let us**

**move thru our familiar lands
with surety, and quest for
the places where our family
may link within magic
communion. If we should
startle a sleeping hare, or
fox, or turkey, let us take
him, commend his spirit.
We'll form a feast of two
beneath the moon, and find
what pleasures we may.
With mornings light we'll**

**bed in any of countless
dens and rejuvenate our
bodies and natural senses,
with kindred spirits close at
hand.”**

~

**‘Morning brings a distinct
beginning, and thru an
expansion into the sphere
of the greater world there
comes a deepening of
character, and**

**consciousness.' Mystery
yields mystery, substance
yields substance, vision
creates still more vision,
suchness gives more
suchness. By knowing from
where knowledge arises,
while having a locus of
logic, one may begin to
learn. By confronting the
greatest mysteries of the
world, by bringing them**

**fully into the light of
discussion, then over time,
they begin to lose some of
their power. Magic,
sickness, the Universe...
these things, when handled
in a logical fashion, over
time begin to lose mystery,
and over-dominance. To
live in harmony with nature
is to possess the keys to
transform present realities.**

**To exhibit longevity,
permanance, to soothe the
spirits, who know, to
endure beyond the
dissolution of your body,
thusly we gain entrance into
eternity.**

Gift

**It has been one of
those cold and dreary days,
when the needles and
spires of temples long
forgotten seem to creep
beneath the skin, and into
the bones. I am glad, now**

**for the gentle night, and
this simple time at the
computer here in the study.**

**You have found some
amusement this day within
your music. While I share
much potion in your
enjoyment of your piano
recording, I sometimes**

**simply wish that I had such
a concrete talent as that to
call my own.**

**This is jealousy's own
mystic spires, and quiet
longing.**

**Yet the times are many
when I might easily allow
my mind to unfurl onto the
written page, and this is my**

choice for the evening.

**It seems we all just
take those benefits we are
shown.**

**When all goes
according to your own
wishes, you will soon bring
your music out a bit, into
some greater spheres.**

**I rejoice with you in this
certain hope.**

**The evenings and days
have been many, many, that
I have found richest
pleasure in the music,
lyricism and flow, the
thoughts and endeavors
you have recorded on
magnetic tape.**

**I, too, seek for you
that these find a better
place within the world
outside.**

**You always talk of how
each and every album you
have created is itself a
magnificent journey for you,
and I often perceive of this
with my own eyes.**

Following the distribution of any given tape to your chosen group of family and friends, and for many days after, you seem thrown into another world, of more gigantic proportions, perhaps more suited to the character of your works.

It is for this reason

**that I am anxiously awaiting
your coming emergence,
and the dreams it will bring
to you.**

**Perhaps it could be
said that you yourself are a
kind of shaman, who thru
his own personalized
incantations and derivations
arrives at states of much
heightened awareness and**

comprehension.

**These seem to be
places where primal
energies seem to clash and
collide upon the palate of
your visualization, times
when the days and the
nights seem to blend in a
kailaidascopic whirl of
enchantment, and
excitement.**

**You may also see the
appearances of distant and
disparate harmonies and
relationships becoming
entertwined amongst your
own quiet world, seeming to
rejoice from afar in the
lively machinations of
reflecting pools of light. All
the while, the sun and the
moon beam down their**

**rythmic cycles upon the
faces of the Earth, and all
of creation.**

**As I let you read these
words later, I have hoped
you will find your own
harmonies within my
gentlest of perceptions.**

**Simply by being real, in
a vast world so full of**

**artifice and illusion, anyone
can come to sense their
own place in the greater
cosmos.**

**You yourself are a real
purveyor of your crafts,
which themselves are
thriving celebrations of new
life, and re-birth.**

It is for this reason

**that you have already found
substantial reimbursement
for all of your efforts
throughout all the world
around you.**

**In finding your true
standing as an artist, a
craftsman, in the worlds of
the arts of the mind, the
shaping and molding of
perceptions, those about**

**simply have given, and will
give truest
acknowledgment.**

**I have wanted to write
these words to you, so that
you might truly see how I
am really conjoined
amongst your own
perceptions of these things.
You are not alone within
your journeys, for I myself**

am here along with you.

**Were you to abandon
your own faith in yourself, I
surely would have to reach
forward, and touch you
gently to remind you that
you do have truest friend in
myself.**

**Your faith is certainly
not unrewarded.**

**Nearly the whole of
your past week has been
wrapped up in the nurturing
and articulating of your
piano pieces, upon their
outward journey.**

**While I have at times
observed from afar, quietly,
sometimes with agitation,
you must know that I**

**certainly rejoice with you,
and seek only that the
dreams of lovers and
artists, craftsmen and
magicians find fulfilment.**

**Heed your dreams, and
mind their power, and you'll
go far in life and with me.**

Nested

**You and I are nested in
amongst the covers on this
low bed, the gentleness of
the evening enfolds us. We
have vanquished the hard
plateaus and canyons of
daily struggles, and fuel one**

**another's radiated aura
here in the place of
softness, the mild flowers.**

**We have found one
another this night. Our
togetherness sustains a
world of growth, and
change, streteching inward,
upward, thru vision.**

Being close, we spend time in nearness. We find often that separate rooms, separate beds, help keep us contented. But it's true how one another's touch keeps us vital, and sustains excitement.

Our bodies and minds are instruments... many

areas can be exercised.

East Meets West

What are the actual

boundaries and

limitlessness

of the human soul?

**These are the real
questions
which distinct men and
women
are confronted with.**

**Thru the forgiveness
of one's own chosen
apparition,
many beautiful truths
can be attained.**

**We seek not those
questions
which have no answers,
only those which can be
found.**

***While the child may easily
see,
it can be the full-fledged
adult***

***who alone knows his or her
own heart,
and the challenges
of his life.***

**Friendship improves
warmth.**

Love conjures life.

Truth seeks, and discovers

still more truth, and light.

**From East to West we have
flown,
from West to East we will
return.**

**Following the truest of
paths,
these ways produce
longevity,
respect.**

Beauty

Finding substance

from within one's own self

begins early,

starts young,

travels and travels,

and discovers,

attains.

What is beauty?

**Beauty can be found in
nature,**

**and from within
the wisdom
of the mature adult.**

**Having a subtracted
intellect**

**requires one to perceive his
or her surroundings
with accuracy,
and to make insightful
judgments,
and connections.**

**Within knowledge of the
world,
a child may begin
to diminish fears and
paranoia.**

**While less certain paths
may lead to indefensible
mires,
with great experience,
anyone can learn to
separate
substance from
immateriality,
and to discern truth.**

Higher Goals

**From within the human
imagination arise,
and arouse,
both substance and vision.**

**By distinctly knowing one's
own paths,
easily discerning right from**

**wrong,
one leans only
upon those which bring
the greatest benefit.**

**Finding one's own heart....
ahh, such is sweet indeed.**

**While one's own culture
may be of his or her
chosen residence,
seeking only to truth, and**

light

**tends to lead one upward,
out of complacency.**

***Leaning only upon the
known,***

***this is the surest path to
stasis,
and disunity.***

It is by leaping from one's

own stable perch

**that new, higher goals and
observations
can be studied.**

Tools

**Finding strength thru
benefiting**

**one's own self,
seeming to ignore the
complacency of others,
for this,
thusly is art formed.**

**Handing men and women
implements of light
is a thoughtful path
to social transformation.**

Looking out for one's

integrity

**demands finding the right
tools,
and understandings.**

**While honest love
may be an intangible,
simple honesty itself
is also a difficult thing
to attain.**

Having a very sensitive

**vision,
one can't bear to be led
awry.**

Honest Truth

**Adhering to truth,
knowing spirit,**

**flow,
possessing mindfulness,
and integrity,
these ways quicken the
attention
of those standing about.**

**Having an honest self-
knowledge,
a sense of security....
seeking truth and
substance,**

**these allow
for healing energies to
begin.**

**Finding a vision
to call one's own
can be a struggle,
but with such attained,
great change can be
effected.**

Finding new respect

**from those standing about,
the young one may, too,
locate assistance,
and even more of those
honest truths.**

***Possessing strength, and
perseverance***

*to weather tumult,
we yet choose the paths
which provide
the greatest benefit.*

**Having a firm grasp upon
the articulated inspiration
to the journey,
one finds little substance
in illusion.**

Seeking only to light,

and benefit,
these ways produce
longevity,
respect.

Finding all that one needs

to know

*from the most distinguished
truths*

of the heart,

one may begin to grow,

*to inspire,
to transform.*

Simple Times

**It is Sunday, and the
neighbor's party seems to
be dying down a bit. The**

**night is creeping along, in
fact the alarm has just
gone off at it's usual 5:00
a.m. hour, and you and I
are awake, and still
enjoying the festive aura of
celebration coming thru the
wall.**

I myself would always rather others have a good time, and enjoy themselves, than go thru life in stoic solemnness.

Seems like, usually, the best that anyone can really accomplish is when they are happy, and doing what they like.

**I know that you don't
work well with formal
rigidity. Seems like the soft
tapestries, warm glows and
simple pleasures are truly
key to allowing the gentler
natures to unfold, for you
and I.**

**Yes, it's true, I am
more like yourself than you**

may ever know.

**It's the good things in
life, and these are needed
for happiness.**

**You and I talk a lot,
these days. We have often
wondered where it is that
all of these ideas flow from,
and this seems to remain a
mystery.**

**Perhaps there is truth
in the old thought of
'wherever two or more of
you are gathered...' This is
just one of several things I
can come up with, and you
yourself can get also into
the dynamics of potential,
and release.**

Well, when I'm honest

**with myself, I do see how
there seems to be illusions
everywhere, self-effacing
techniques which God
throws forth to divert light
from himself or herself.**

**Last night we got on
the subject more than once.**

**It's true that it doesn't
seem to come up much in
those we find around us,
but we ourselves long ago
loosened those prejudices
within our own minds.**

**Concepts can be large,
or small. Making coffee
can be small, but the
Universe is very large.
Such is not to be feared,**

really. Respect is a much more healthy way of looking at it.

While we ourselves will dance around a concept, like its a sacred jewel, we hungrily absorb things as they come up, and they usually do.

If you want to know

**what children think about,
just drop in for an evening
at our house!**

***So where is this place
where we have found
ourselves?***

***Love, peace, joy...
these are the form and
flow of our lives.***

***Anyone at all can, with
perseverance, overcome the
obstacles which are placed
in their path.***

***The human mind is
very flexible, resourceful.***

***The Universe itself is
our home, and we base all
of our concepts and
understandings on patterns
found within it.***

***While we ourselves
have powers to transform
present realities, and direct
their flow at times, truly
no one at all really knows***

***for sure what may come to
be in the future.***

***There are times,
indeed, when our own
precepts and concepts are
shaken at their foundations,
by new developments.***

***It really may be this
need for control,
understanding, and***

***catagorization which drives
the civilized world, as well
as the primitive societies.***

***Perhaps it could be
said that one of the basic
flaws of religion lies in its
attempts to define things
and occurances which are
quite simply altogether
beyond human
comprehension.***

***Such may be likened to
spinning out philosophies
based on the roll of a pair
of dice.***

***When schools of
thought are formed around
interjections and
happenstance, this, to me,
is the basic source of the
dark aspects of the world***

as a whole.

***Perhaps this could be
seen as the burden that
mankind must simply bear,
but I myself seek always to
move away from rigidity,
and falsehood.***

***By establishing one's
self as a free thinker, he or
she thusly brings***

***expressions of light, and
benefit into his life. His
may be seen as the yet
higher mission: simply
dance, and shed light.***

***Chastise those who
cling to wooden and steel
frameworks, for these are
generally incapable of
flexibility.***

"I definitely like this one," you say after completing a read-thru of one of my pieces.

We are in the brilliant morning, when things seem

to sparkle with newness.

Frequently we show one another our writings after sleeping on them for a few hours. Sometimes we're immediately open with our ongoing, other times you or I, or both, may choose to work for a few weeks on a series of pieces before revealing them to

the other.

**Once I grew
accustomed to to the
quality to expect from you,
this did seem to build a
kind of continual
excitement.**

**If neither of us sensed
what potential the other
held within, then most likely**

**we wouldn't expect to much
of either.**

**Knowing the strength
of your mind makes me feel
secure, comfortable in this
house. I hope you feel the
same way about me.**

**You hand back my
piece, and I see that it's**

**one of my favorites of last
night as well. I set it aside,
and resume my own
reading. Yours touches on
social illusions, and classic
journey struggles. Such
thoughts seem to get at the
heart of ailments, and I**

**understand more than I say
right now.**

**Rather than
trespassing on your
deepest imaginings, I go on
to the next piece, which
likewise has a certain reach.**

**We read one another for
a while, then as this is**

accomplished, opt to make a quick foray to the corner store for cigarettes. You throw out the idea of splitting a beer between us to ease the morning coffee, but I move you away from this thought, and we go on, get some little cigars, talk with the store owner a bit, and return.

*Just what are these
things which the human
mind dreams of? And
from where do they flow?
What is their purpose?*

Simply to enable our own existances? Or are there other things present?

I myself tend to think that while any given man is indeed granted the benefits he or she needs to live and work, we all are presented with a vast array of choices

at any given time.

***Surely, the child will
have heard somewhere the
analogy of the 'Great
Computer' which comprises
the Universe as a whole.***

***Maybe it indeed could
be said that men and
women are given clear
paths, which seem safe and***

secure, as well as the more adventurous openings.

The Earth is but the tiniest particle in Eternity. But it is well known how we ourselves could be seen as a 'crown of creation.' Contentment is the severest enemy to growth. Clinging to the past is the best way I know to invite disaster.

I myself believe that the Universe itself is absolutely full of life. But perhaps our own understanding is usually limited to that which occurs within this plane, and our thoughts on the matter.

But I do tend to think that this which we term

***'physical' is but illusion, a
kind of a proving ground,
or notebook.***

***I really don't know just
what it is that makes men
aware of a portion of of
the awesome bigness of the
Universe.***

***Perhaps such
perceptions are given thru***

***the etherial realm, which
must accurately be seen to
be the True Ground.***

***Is it really right or
rational to think that
occurrences in Other Places
are somehow less
substantial than that which
one can see with the eyes?***

Couldn't it be said that

*there is much to the sky
that we cannot see? I do
believe that it is simply
small to think that there
isn't concrete activity
occurring all around we
people, that which we
cannot even see or be
aware of.*

*Simply by looking at
the evidence of the hyper-*

real found within alien folklore, especially that which has been accumulated during the 20th century, definitely leads the rational mind to believe that the whole of mankind may yet have blinders on, being only vaguely aware of that which in fact has been much more well substantiated.

***Perhaps by questing
after light, and the broader
understandings, any given
man may mature gracefully.***

The songs flowing from

**out of the classic radio
station are dancing now,
and I have become
enmeshed in these subtle
imaginings. Clicking
typewriter keys sets up a
beautiful atmosphere within
this place, and yours are**

flowing as mine.

**I'm gently remembering
our past together. While
this house is by far the
most lovely arrangement we
have yet discovered, there
have been other places of
light as well.**

The certain thing which

distinguishes this place from any other, however, is that here, we both are solidly grounded within desktop publishing, both having found much satisfaction here.

The artists mind has to breathe, or he or she will wither. Perhaps neither of us have fully understood

this wonder in prior times.

**Having a broad pallate
with which to paint, and a
wonderful venue within
which to put such creations
forth, we, or at least I, have
learned much in the areas
of self-creation.**

**Days and nights have
brighter colors, and 'the**

**now' flows freely in
amongst our minds.**

**Accurate distinctions
between truth and
falsehood can easily be
perceived, and there is
always room for growth.**

**Those who don't
recognize the creative spirit
tend to collect stale**

energies about themselves.

**I have found that life
builds on life, and we tend
always to draw sustenance
from one another.**

**We are one another's
best friend, and derive all
the benefits given of a
vibrant coupling.**

**What I most hope for
yourself is that you will be
happy, today and tomorrow,
and thru one another's joy
we live.**

**Time seems to us
somewhat diaphanous,
being but the vaguest of
presences.**

This is the land we

**have sought after. The
minds and bodies we
possess, our togetherness
and activity, these are the
accurate benefits of a
successful marriage.**

**We give to one another,
and freely enjoy. This is
true Elysium.**

The Family of Man

**We've grown
accustomed, you and I, to
the atmospheres of our
own street. The parade of
stately trees which pass by**

**on a walk to the corner
store form a luminous
springtime canopy. While
the street is broad, the
branches from the left side
and the right seem to come
together above the very
middle, forming connections.**

**The surrounding
landscape is to the one side
composed of rolling
manicured greens. While
some might call this a golf
course, to me it seems a
picture of idealized beauty.
It's quite expansive; one
can't find its limits with the
eye.**

On the side we walk rises intermittently a slope of well-defined proportions. Along its elevations are a row of neat dwellings, rather English Tudor in appearance. Several of these serve as business interests— an artists studio, two attorneys office, and a realty company. It therefore follows that these

be kept immaculate; they are a pleasure to behold.

We purchase incense, magazines, and cigarettes at the store on down. The friendly, open family of Indians which run the place greet me warmly at each visit. I often wonder how difficult it must be to always manage a smile,

throughout the arduous day, given the peculiarities and quirks some customers must exhibit.

Both you and I enjoy our daily excursions down this street, sometimes together, sometimes by ourselves. I for one know that a day without fresh air is like a spring without rain

**A nice change of scenery,
within the coolness of the
evening, is practically
essential to well-being.
This is precisely what I
think of such things.**

**While you do know
your limitations, and the
sources of your peace, you
frequently do show a need
to reach out to friends,**

relatives. Sometimes you give me start, taking me by surprise in reaching out to past acquaintances, both male and female.

There is (C). While you were so close to him back in school days, you're yet finding that he is providing a source of independence and liberation

**even now, 15 years later.
Having recently re-entered
your life, you're finding
many encouraging
similitudes amongst his
interests and yours.**

**Notwithstanding this,
his challenging thoughtful
bent is inspiring even to
you. You have yourself
said that you feel most**

comfortable chatting on the computer with C, and that face to face meetings often result in you ending up rather exhausted.

This man is so well schooled in his own theologies that he expresses interest only in the most open-ended discussions you yourself

can muster. I, however think that he shares within equal portion of most of your ideas, but that frequently it requires a sort of guided conversation approach. With myself present during most meetings, I often try and bring forth topics which can be shared by the both of you.

C often seems a pure morph, even while transforming into that which you request of him. For this I give him loudest applause. As his own sensibilities take over, he often demonstrates such challenging worldliness, that you and I find we must work together, to keep the

creation in balance.

To the eastern side of the human gene pool, there also is (L). Possessing enormous wiles, she indulges your most outrageous distractions. It is for this very reason that I allow you the pleasure of her company as you wish. To me, the occasions of life

which afford the greatest gentleness must be seen as your most obscure resource. (Outside of myself, that is. For it is true that you, too know your own true heart, and show few inclinations to wander.)

Would it be shown, however, that another could

**steal your heart, it's likely
that you would be losing
your single best resource.
The idea of 'physical
beauty' being the most
devious stealth, the most
haunting of your fantasies,
has relevance here.**

**I sometimes feel that
you yet quest after 'the
affair to end all affairs,'**

**and simply loathe the
thought of the turmoil this
would bring. (Both unto
you, and myself. While I
don't request your
complete attention, I simply
think that you are safe
already, in the company of
one such as myself. The
fantastic eyes that you
possess simply permit
endless freedoms, which**

**needn't be fraught with
excess leanings toward that
which is but simple flesh. I
trust you can tell my
sincerety, here.)**

**People say of us that
we do make a good couple.
Possessing strength and
perseverance to weather
tumult, we yet choose the
paths which afford the**

greatest benefit. Knowing the perfect value of a stable home system, we, both of us, cherish always our own minds above external entanglements. This has been the ruler we have chosen to measure value by. Those endeavors which seem to take one 'out of ones self' are handily avoided.

**Beneficial alliances,
however, are often sought
by both. These are those
relationships which seem
content to coast along while
unbothered, rising to meet
us halfway as we reach out
to them. For those we
have chosen, this is not a
difficult prospect.**

**We, too, know keenly
our effects on others. It is
known, amongst we, as
they, that as encumbrance
becomes apparent, gestures
need only be indicated to
prompt greater distances,
and space. These two
elements are continually
present within even our
closest connections. To
violate them, by either, is**

seen as error. It is for this reason that we know such relationships are bound by subtlest light within continuance, within endurance.

Today is Friday, that most majestic of days. The feeling is temperate; cool, but with a balm in the air. While I sit writing this at

**this desk in the front room,
you are multi-tasking some
writing of your own, and
the weeks clothes washing.
The gentle sounds of an
avant-garde Japanese
piano player fill the spaces
with stately architectures,
colors and hues.**

**You have moved one of
the stereo speakers into**

**the hall, near the threshold
of the room I occupy. This
is a frequent arrangement.
We intend to install more
permanent satellite
speakers into this room,
and will pursue this as
opportunity presents itself.**

**You were wondering
what I am writing about?
It is of you and I, our life**

together, that I speak.

**While you don't like to talk
much of your past, 'it is far
gone,' as you say, I like to
linger in these areas
periodically.**

**While you might not
always be forthcoming with
stories, I can sometimes
coax them forth. Though I
myself don't profess to**

**possess much lengthy
understanding of your
childhood, I have gleaned a
number of facets in
connection with the child
you once were, and in many
ways still are.**

**When you speak of
your past life, the times
before we met, it's often in
terms of the beauty and**

**freedom, the learning
experiences of your
childhood.**

**Your parents
encouraged you to explore
freely the woods, the
pastures of your
surrounding environment. It
may of been from out of
your own self that you
brought the inclination to**

'deconstruct' things.

'Taking things apart' was the way you learned the internal character of many ordinary objects, such as radios, televisions, kitchen appliances, etc.

I relate this also so that the reader might perceive the curiosities, the tendencies of the 'magical

child.’ Such explorations are important, I feel, as they provide understanding of physical dynamics. Knowing such simple things as the principles of mechanization, what a camshaft does, the way electricity flows thru a circuit, how an electric motor works... these provided, along with books,

a serenity, a sense of placement and belonging within the culture as a whole.

You talk also of how you managed to bring the creativity, the spirit of play present in childhood, on up into your later life. This is where I think you have been most calculated.

**In wiring speakers to fit
the front room, you will be
dreaming of endless
communities, of plateaus of
brilliance and sonic bliss.
Knowing that life is what
you make of it, you seek
always to make the most of
life. Seeing the small, yet
knowing the expansive, you
have found immaculacy, and**

**mastery. Tempering your
dreams with greatest
contentment, you take time
and avoid foolish mistakes.
As lovers touch one
another's bodies in the
morning, so your own
lover's mind dreams
brilliantly, without fear or
regret.**

In writing these words,

**I hope to reach your heart,
and complement your own
sizable output. Perhaps by
knowing my own most
articulate reflections, you
might deepen your trust in
myself, your faith in this
life, and our time together.**

